

WEIRD! FANTASTIC! ASTOUNDING!

BAFFLING

JAN.

10c

MYSTERIES

AARRGH! RUN, LOIS...
OR THIS MAN-EATING PLANT
I'VE GROWN WILL STRANGLE
YOU TOO!



MUSICAL WHIRLING & ANGEL-CHIMES

AUTHENTIC REPLICA OF ORIGINAL "SWEDISH SINGING ANGELS" CENTERPIECE

ANGELS
WHIRL
•
BELLS
RING

MAGIC-LIKE EFFECT
Heard from lighted an-
gels makes angels re-
sponse continuously.
When words strike bells
you hear pleasant
musical chimes.

10
Day
Trial
Offer!
LOWEST PRICE EVER
Only \$1.98
COMPLETE
WITH
CANDLES



Beautiful
Taperless
Tip
Burning
Candles
Height
14 inches

YOUR
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED
IN 1944
GROSS
SALES



AS CENTERPIECE • ON MANTEL OR SHELF • ON BUFFET

- Here it is! That beautiful, whirling, glowing, Santa Claus-like, you're sure and captured at once up to \$5 and \$10 in the Swedish design. Here for the first time you can have the lovely, decorative centerpiece in your home, yours to own and enjoy for only \$1.98 complete with 3 tapered-tip candles. All the authentic styling of famous Swedish craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this fascinating "Whirling Angels" replica.
- You, your family and friends will rejoice in the charm and beauty which this decorative reproduction brings to your home. Everyone who comes into your home will be fascinated by the gentle whirling motion of the Whirling Angels as the heat from the lighted candles causes them to revolve "upward and toward the center. Your ears and hearing will rejoice under the soothing, ringing influence of the church-like musical rhythm as the angel heads continuously strike golden-bellied bells during the revolving action. The effect is truly fascinating. Limited quantities—revolving angels—left. Shipping weight—all contained in package (unqualified beauty, peace and convenience for your home and for all who enter it).
- Made for long-life periods of all metal construction with rich polished brass effect, protected by special smoothing process, can't tarnish, scratch or rust. Circular top is designed with three candle holders which adjust to width of any candles you may wish to use. Here is a beautiful, decorative addition for your table, mantel, shelf or buffet that will last and serve you for years to come. Yours on schedule at only \$1.98 or two for \$3.98. Order today! Give your Musical Whirling Angel Chimes for 30 day trial. We guarantee that you'll be delighted with its heavenly beauty and action or you can return in 30 days for full refund.

SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON!

BLANCKE IMPORT-EXPORT CO., INC. 336-C
616 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

Send no money. A checked below for Musical Whirling Angels. Enclosed with a beautiful coupon for \$1.98 will give the product at \$1.98 for one or two for \$3.98 plus 2.00% postage charges on your 15 day money back offer.

Check how many: ☐ 1 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$1.98 ☐ 2 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$3.98

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

☐ SAVE 2.00% CHARGES! Enclose price of offer plus 2% for postage for one or two for two. We'll ship your order off postage prepaid.

Here is the Perfect
CHRISTMAS GIFT!

Beautiful, fast, unique—everyone from 12 years to 70 will be delighted and delighted to receive an ANGEL CHIMES! My home, looks like an expensive gift to you. Send this coupon, enclosed in a beautiful 3 color gift box.

Order for Yourself
— Order for Friends!

Wow! — With labor and material costs going up every day, our low offer price may never be duplicated. Order now while there's still time.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

OUT OF THE BEYOND, WITH SILENT, GHOSTLY STEPS, COMES A MADHAIRE PROCESSION OF CREATURES SO BRUTISH THEY COULD STRIKE FEAR IN THE DEVIL THEY GATHER AROUND CARL BASCON, THE FAMOUS WRITER OF HORROR STORIES, AND WATCH WITH GRIM SATISFACTION AS HIS TWISTED IMAGINATION GIVES BIRTH TO MORE OF THEM BRUTELY END! CARL BASCON IS THEIR CREATOR! CARL BASCON IS .

the MONSTER MAKER

SO THAT STUPID PUBLISHER OF MINE THINKS I'M THROUGH AS A HORROR STORY WRITER BECAUSE MY MONSTERS DON'T SEEM REAL. ENOUGH, HUH? WELL, I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL CREATE HORROR CHARACTERS THAT HE'LL NEVER FORGET! CHARACTERS THAT'LL MAKE FRANKENSTEIN'S MON-STER LOOK LIKE SLEEPING BEAUTY!

FAR INTO THE NIGHT, CARL BARGES AWAY ON HIS TYPEWRITER... AND EVERY PAGE IS A BIRTHPLACE OF A MONSTER

BUT BLASPHEM IT ALL! IT'S STILL NO GOOD! (I'M NOT SATISFIED WITH IT!) THIS IS BACK STUFF... I CAN'T GO ON POUNDING OUT THIS TRASH!

I'LL TELL THE WHOLE NEST INTO THE FIRE AND

WELL, STAY FOR MURDER! DO THAT! IT WOULD BE MURDER!

WHY? HOLY SMOKE!
I-C MUST BE
SEEN! THINGS/
THIS—THIS
CAN'T BE
REAL!

I'M AS REAL AS
YOU'VE MADE ME
ON PAGE SEVEN
OF THAT SCRIPT
YOU WANT TO BURN!



AND LOOK... THERE
ARE ALL THE OTHERS
YOU'VE CREATED ON
YOUR PAGES!

CRIPES! THOSE
ARE ALL OF MY
HORROR STORY
CHARACTERS!



YES, DARL... SPAWNED OF
YOUR IMAGINATION! WE
ARE YOUR BRAIN CHILDREN!
WE EXIST BECAUSE YOU
CREATED US! AND IF
YOU DESTROY THOSE
PAGES... YOU DESTROY
US, TOO!

EITHER I'M GOIN'
BATTY OR I'VE HIT
PERFECTION IN MY
WRITING... I'VE
LEARNED HOW TO
CREATE REAL
CHARACTERS!



I'LL FIND OUT IF THIS
IS FACT OR FICTION BY
TOSING ONE OF THESE
PAGES OF MY SCRIPT
INTO THE FIRE!

NO! DON'T
DO THAT!



FIVE SWITCHES
AT THE SHEET OF
PAPER... AND IT
BURSTS INTO
FLAME...



AND AT THE SAME TIME
ONE OF THE CREATURES IS
SUDDENLY ENVELOPED IN
FIRE...



HIS BLOOD-BOILING
SCREAMS SEND THE
ROOM AS HE BURNS LIKE
A TORCH



AFTER A FEW MINUTES LATER,
ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE
MONSTER... IS A MOUND OF
ASHES...

YOU MURDERED
HIM!





I WARNED YOU
THAT WOULD
HAPPEN...
AND YOU
DELIBERATELY
KILLED HIM!
YOU'RE A
MURDERER,
CARL BASCOM!

BUT I—I
THOUGHT
THIS WAS
JUST A DREAM
... A
NIGHTMARE!



KILL HIM
BEFORE HE
DESTROYS
MORE
OF US!

NO, I—I WON'T! I
PROMISE! HERE, YOU
CAN HAVE THE REST OF
THE SCRIPT!



IT ISN'T SAFE TO LEAVE YOU
NOW THAT YOU'VE ATTAINED
THE SKILL TO CREATE LIVING
CHARACTERS IN YOUR
WRITING. YOU
MUST COME
WITH US...
TO THE
WORLD
BEYOND!

NO! NO!
DON'T TAKE
ME AWAY...
PLEASE DON'T!

CARL'S PLEAS DIE AWAY AS THE ROOM SUDDENLY FILLS WITH A MYSTERIOUS GREEN MIST... AND THE SMELL OF DEATH! THE MADAME POPULATION DISSOLVES IN THE PUTRID SMOKER AND CARL FEELS HIMSELF FALLING THRU A VORTEX LINED WITH A MOSAIC OF HORROROUS FACES...



LEFT MINUTES...OR HOURS...OR A THOUSAND YEARS LATER WHEN CARL OPENS HIS EYES AGAIN? TERROR AND FEAR PARALYZE HIS VOICE AND BODY... ONLY HIS THOUGHTS FUNCTION... BUT HE REMEMBERS IF HE'S SAME AS HE STARED AT THE NIGHT BEFORE HIM...



IT CAN'T BE TRUE... THEY
DON'T EXIST! THIS PLACE
DOESN'T EXIST! GO AWAY,
YOU BLASTED SHOULD'NO
BEAST BEFORE I GO MAD!

FACING CARL IS A FANTASTIC COMBINE OF HORROR/FEVERY GROTESQUE MONSTROSITY THAT EVER STALKED THROUGH THE PAGES OF LITERATURE. STARED AT THE MAN WHO DARED TO MURDER ONE OF THEIR BEING KIND? CARL MAKES A MENTAL ROLL-CALL OF THE FIENDS HE RECOGNIZES! THERE'S DRACULA, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME... AND DRACULA... AND FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER... AND CYCLOPS... AND KING FONG... AND MEDUSA... AND DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE... AND MANY, MANY MORE...



TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON WHERE THE OTHER OFFENDER WANTS! AFTER THE FUNERAL OF THE ONE HE MURDERED WE SHALL GIVE THEM BOTH A TRIAL!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU MONSTROSITIES DON'T EXIST!



YOU'RE ONLY HORROR STORY CHARACTERS! YOU'RE FICTION ... YOU'RE NOT REAL!

WE WERE BORN IN THE MINDS OF GREAT MEN... AND WE EXIST NOW AND WE SHALL EXIST WHEN YOU LIE ROTTING IN YOUR GRAVE! THE GREAT WRITERS WHO CREATED US PRESERVED US FOR ALL ETERNITY BY PRESERVING THEIR ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.



YOU TOO COULD HAVE BEEN GREAT, CARL. BASED ON... BUT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE CHARACTERS YOU CREATED! YOU EVER MURDERED ONE OF THEM ... AND YOU SHALL PAY THE PENALTY! TAKE HIM AWAY!

IN HERE, MURDERER! WITH GLORIA STONE... ANOTHER OF YOUR KIND!

YOU BLASTED FRIGHTS WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL GET YOU... ALL OF YOU!



IT'S USELESS TO FIGHT THEM! I FOUND THAT OUT AFTER I TORN UP A PAGE OF A HORROR SCRIPT I WROTE... AND MURDERED THE MONSTER I CREATED ON THAT PAGE!

I HAVE AN IDEA TO ESCAPE THIS HELL! HAVE YOU GOT A PENCIL?



AFTER GLORIA HANDS CARL A PENCIL, CARL TAPES OUT A NOTEBOOK HE ALWAYS CARRIES FOR IDEAS, AND BEGINS TO WRITE IN IT...

IF THAT'S A MESSAGE ASKING FOR HELP... HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT OUT OF HERE AND INTO OUR WORLD?

IT ISN'T A MESSAGE! IT'S A STORY... A HORROR STORY WITH CHARACTERS THAT LIVE!



AND AS CARL WRITES, THE BROTFESQUE CHARACTERS HE CREATED MATERIALIZE IN THE DUNGEON AND BATTLE AGAINST THEIR CREATOR...

YOU MUST BE WISER TO CREATE MORE OF THESE FRIENDS AFTER WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO US!

THERE... THE STORY IS FINISHED! AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, GLORIA... THESE LOATHSOME OFFSPRINGS OF MY IMAGINATION ARE GOING TO GET US OUT OF HERE... OR DIE!



QUICKLY, CARL HURTS OUT A CIGARETTE LIGHTER AND HIS THUMB IGNITES A FLAME / THEN HE HOLDS THE NOTEBOOK, ON WHICH THE STORY IS WRITTEN, OVER THE FIRE AND KILLS...

YOU'LL ALL DIE IF I SET FIRE TO THIS STORY IN WHICH YOU WERE BORN! TELL MONSTER MASTER OF THIS HORROR HOLE TO RELEASE US... OR YOU'LL ALL BURN!

NO/DON'T KILL US / PLEASE! WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK / WE WILL TELL HIM TO SET YOU FREE!



And ALL RIGHT, CARL BASCOM... YOU WIN! WE PROMISE TO SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR OWN HOMES IN THE UPPER WORLD! AND YOU MUST PROMISE NEVER TO DESTROY ANOTHER ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

YEAR... YEAR... WE PROMISE! NOW GET US OUT OF HERE... AND HURRY!



THE MONSTER MASTER SUMMONS A SWIRLING GREEN TORNADO FROM THE DEEPEST PIT OF HADES... AND IT SWATCHES CARL AND GLORIA AND SENDS THEM UPWARD THRU THE SAME HORROR-FUELED FUNNEL...



MEMORIES AND A SICKENING STENCH ARE ALL THAT'S LEFT TO REMIND CARL OF HIS FEARFUL JOURNEY INTO THE MONSTER WORLD WHEN HE COMES TO IN HIS ROOM.

WAS IT A NIGHTMARE? OR—OR DID IT ACTUALLY HAPPEN? I—I DON'T KNOW... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!



I'LL DESTROY EVERY ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT I OWN! THAT'LL KILL EVERY MONSTER I EVER CREATED... THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN COME AFTER ME! I'LL BURN 'EM... I'LL RIP 'EM TO PIECES...



And DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF ETERNITY, THE MONSTROUS CHILDREN OF CARL BASCOM'S IMAGINATION SCREAM AND SCREAM IN ANGUISH AS CARL SENDS HIS MASS MURDER OF THE MONSTERS...





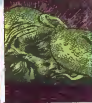
FOR EVERY PAGE CARL BACCON
BURNS ... A MONSTER ALSO
BURNS...



FOR EVERY PAGE HE CRUSHES...
A MONSTER IS ALSO CRUSHED...



FOR EVERY PAGE HE TEARS INTO
PIECES... A MONSTER IS ALSO
TORN TO PIECES...



I DID IT! I'VE DESTROYED
THEM ALL! THEY'LL NEVER
GET ME NOW... NEVER!
HA! HA/HA!



AND I'LL WRITE A HORROR NOVEL ABOUT
MY EXPERIENCES IN THE MONSTER WORLD!
IT'LL BE A BEST SELLER! NOTHING LIKE
IT HAS EVER BEEN DONE BEFORE!



I'LL DESTROY THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
PAGES AS SOON AS I TYPE THEM AND KEEP
A CARBON COPY, THAT WAY I'LL GET RID
OF THE MONSTERS AS SOON AS I
CREATE THEM!



CARL WORKS DAY AND NIGHT ON HIS NOVEL! HE RELIVES
EVERY TORTUROUS EMOTION... AND HE SCREAMS WITH
DELIGHT AS HE THROWS EACH FINISHED PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL
MANUSCRIPT INTO THE FIRE AND CREATES EVERY MONSTER
HE CREATES...

BURN YOU BLASTED
DEMONS! BURH! HA/HA!

AFTER A MONTH OF BURNING AND DESTROYING, CARL FINDS THE LAST PAGE OF HIS ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT TO THE FLAMES... AND ALSO THE LAST MONSTER...

AND NOW TO TAKE THIS CARBON COPY MANUSCRIPT TO MY PUBLISHER AND COLLECT A BIG, JUICY ADVANCE! HA! SOMEONE'S KNOCKING ON THE DOOR... IT MAY BE HIM LOOKING FOR ME!



IT'S ME, CARL... GLORIA STONE, THE WRITER WHO WAS WITH YOU IN THE MONSTER WORLD!

YEAH, SO WHAT?



I CAME TO TELL YOU THE GOOD NEWS. I WROTE A NOVEL ABOUT THE MONSTER WORLD... AND A PUBLISHER BOUGHT IT. HERE'S THE MANUSCRIPT.

LET ME SEE IT!

BE CAREFUL, CARL... THAT'S THE ORIGINAL AND THE ONLY COPY I HAVE.

BUT THERE'S ALMOST LIKE MY NOVEL... WE BOTH CAN'T TELL THE SAME STORY!



SO YOURS GOES INTO THE FIRE!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, CARL... STOP! DON'T DO THAT!



BUT GLORIA'S WARNING IS TOO LATE! THE MANUSCRIPT IS SWALLOWED UP BY THE FLAMES... AND AT THE SAME INSTANT, CARL EXPLODES INTO A HUMAN TORCH...

HEY! WHAT THE...? OW-W-W-W-W! HELP! HELP!



CARL SCREAMS AND TWISTS WITH PAIN... BUT HE'S BEYOND ALL HELP! AND IN A SHORT TIME, CARL BARCOW IS ONLY A HEAP OF SHOULDERING ASHES...

THIS HORRIBLE THING WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF HE'D ONLY LISTENED UNTIL I TOLD HIM THAT I MADE HIM THE REAL-LIFE HERO IN THAT MANUSCRIPT... HE BURNED!



BAFFLING MYSTERIES

#31

A SWORD DATING BACK TO THE NAPOLEONIC WARS, HANGING IN A PARIS MUSEUM IT IS THE OBJECT OF ONE OF THE STRANGEST INCIDENTS EVER RELATED. THE OWNER OF THE SWORD, A FRENCH HERO UNDER NAPOLEON, DISAPPEARED IN ACTION DURING A CAMPAIGN IN 1812 WITHOUT A TRACE OF HIM OR THE SWORD EVER BEING FOUND.

IN 1914, THE GREAT-GRANDSON OF THE FRENCH HERO SERVED FRANCE ON A NEW BATTLEFIELD IN ANOTHER WAR.

MON LIEUTENANT—
THE HUNS ARE SURROUNDING US!
WHAT IS OUR NEXT MOVE?

W—WE MUST
RETREAT—WE
WILL DIE IF WE
REMAIN HERE!



BUT WE CANNOT RETREAT—
THIS OUTPOST IS VITAL! IF
WE GIVE IT UP, THE ENTIRE
DIVISION WILL BE
SLAUGHTERED!

THOSE ARE MY
ORDERS, SERGEANT!
TELL THE MEN WE
WILL PULL OUT IN
TWENTY MINUTES!



NO ONE
COULD
UNDERSTAND
THE TERROR
IN THE
LIEUTENANT'S
HEART,
BUT AS HE
Pondered
THE
Cowardly
ACTION
HE
WAS
ABOUT
TO
TAKE

WHA...!—IT
CAN'T BE—THE
GHOST OF MY
GREAT-GRAND-
FATHER!!

TAKE HEART, LAD YOU
ARE NO COWARD—! HERE,
TAKE MY SWORD AND LEAD
YOUR MEN BRAVELY!



WITH NEW-FOUND COURAGE AND THE SWORD,
THE LIEUTENANT RALLIED HIS SOLDIERS TO
THE OFFENSIVE.

FORWARD, MEN!
VICTORY OR DEATH!

THE HUNS
ARE FALLING
BACK! THE
LIEUTENANT
HAS SAVED
THE DAY!



WHEN THE BATTLE WAS WON,
THE LIEUTENANT WAS FOUND
DEAD ON THE FIELD STILL
GLUTCHING THE SWORD.

HE FOUGHT LIKE
A TIGER AND DIED
LIKE A HERO.

YES, BUT WHERE DID
HE GET THAT SWORD? IT WAS
LOST WITH HIS GREAT-GRAND-
FATHER DURING THE NAPOLEONIC WARS IN 1812!



HOW THE SWORD CAME
INTO THE POSSESSION OF
THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT
AFTER YEARS OF BEING
LOST, PRESENTED A BAFFLING
MYSTERY. IT IS BELIEVED BY
STUDENTS OF THE OCCULT
THAT THE SPIRIT FROM THE
BETROTH HAD RETURNED TO
BRING VICTORY AND HONOR
TO IT'S NAME. THE AWE-
SOME SWORD STILL HANGS
IN THE MUSEUM TO TESTIFY
TO THE HEROIC POWERS OF
THE STRANGE AND
SUPERNATURAL.

THE END

THEY STRANGLE BY NIGHT



I AM SICK AND TIRED OF THOSE WHO SCOFF AT THE SUPERNATURAL. DO THEY WANT SWORN AFFIDAVITS SIGNED BY SPECTRES? DO THEY WANT HANGERS ON THE WITNESS STAND? ... I WOULD GET NOTHING LIKE THAT HERE. WHAT FOLLOWS IS MERELY THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED IN DONNERWALD IN 1822.

DONNERWALD LAY IN A VALLEY. IT WAS A PEACEFUL TOWN, WORLD-FAMOUS FOR ITS BEER.



... AND ITS DOLL SHOP?



THE DOLLS OF HANS BASSERMAN
WERE WEIRD, GROTESQUELY PEOPLE
SHAPED... BUT PEOPLE BOUGHT!

MADAM IS RIGHT... MY DOLLS ARE
NOT MEANT FOR CHILDREN. THEY
ARE WORKS OF ART, CARVED WITH
INFINITE CARE, BASED ON
DESIGNS THAT HAVE BEEN
WITH MY FAMILY FOR
CENTURIES...

I-IT'L
TAKE
IT!

WHY FOR BRETCHEN WOULD
HANS GAVE A "PRETTY DOLL"...

HANS, NOW
BEAUTIFUL!

NOT HALF AS
BEAUTIFUL AS YOU
WILL LOOK AT OUR
WEDDING, LIESCHEN.
WILL YOUR FATHER BE
AT HOME TONIGHT?
I WILL ASK HIM
AGAIN...

HAT NIGHT...

39, I HAVE COME AGAIN
TO ARRANGE THE WEDDING
DATE. BOTH BRETCHEN
AND I ARE VERY EAGER.
I HOPE THIS TIME
THERE WILL BE NO
MORE DELAY.

I
HATE TO
SAY THIS,
HANS...

... BUT I CAN'T LET YOU MARRY
BRETCHEN. TH-THERE'S NO DEFINITE
REASON, NOTHING I CAN PUT MY FINGER
ON... ONLY THE STRANGE STORIES ABOUT
YOUR DEAD FATHER, AND THOSE DOLLS
YOU MAKE IN YOUR SHOP... I-I COULD
NOT BEAR HAVING MY BRETCHEN LIVE IN
THAT PLACE, IN THE SHADOW OF
THOSE THINGS...

AS I HAD WALKED BACK TO HIS SHOP, HIS FINGERS CUPLED
SLOWLY INWARD, FORMING TWO JAWED FISTS.

THE OLD MAN
HAD ALWAYS
HATED ME!

FOR LONG HOURS, THAT NIGHT, HANS PACED
BACK AND FORTH IN THE DARK SHADOWS OF
HIS DOLL SHOP...

I-I DIDN'T WANT THIS
TO HAPPEN... I TRIED TO
LIVE LIKE A NORMAL MAN...
I TRIED TO FORGET
EVERYTHING MY FATHER
TAUGHT ME... BUT
NOW... NOW...

HE AND BRETCHEN HOARSELY AS HE FILLED THE GARDEN
WITH BOILING WATER. HE MOANED AS HE DROPPED HIS
FATHER'S POSE. HE BOILED AS HE POURED IN THE POOL
SMELLING POWDERS...

DROPPERS OF HATRED, SPECTRES
OF STRIFE... MAKE MY DOLLS
MOVE... BRING THEM TO LIFE!!



BROWN, BROWN, IN WATER
SO RED!
RISE, RISE... NO LONGER
DEAD!



TH—THEY'RE MOVING! MY FATHER'S
BLACK MAGIC WORKS! I REMEM-
BERED THE SPELL...!



THEY'RE MY SLAVES! THEY MUST
DO WHATEVER I TELL THEM TO...

DEATH DOLLS OF DORNER-
WALD, LISTEN TO ME!!



THE THIRD HOUSE ON THE
LEFT AT THE END OF THIS
STREET... SRETCHEN'S
FATHER IS ASLEEP THERE
... KILL HIM!!

YES, MASTER
... BUT DO NOT
FORGET... THE
MOON IS
FULL
TOMORROW!



WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?
WHAT ABOUT THE FULL MOON HAVE
TO DO WITH MY DOLLS OF
DEATH...?



THE FULL MOON SHINE THROUGH
THE WINDOW OF SRETCHEN'S
FATHER'S ROOM. THE FULL MOON
SILVERED EVERYTHING IT TOUCHED—
THE DRESSER, THE BED POSTS,
THE OLD MAN'S MOONLIT FACE...

AAAAAHHH!



... AND SILVERED ALSO THE DEATH
DOLLS AS THEY LUNGED TOWARD
THEIR VICTIM!

AAAAAHHH!

THE DOLLS ARE BACK ON THE SHELVES
INSIDE MY SHOP. I WILL NEVER CALL
THEM TO LIFE AGAIN. NO ONE WILL
EVER KNOW...

GRETCHEN'S FATHER
HAD BEEN A POPULAR MAN. HIS FUNERAL
WAS WELL ATTENDED.

A MONTH WENT BY...

SOON NOW,
MOM, YOU
WILL MARRY
GRETCHEN...
RIGHT?

SHE IS STILL
IN MOURNING.
WE MUST WAIT
A YEAR AT
LEAST.

BUT THEN
THE MOON
WAS FULL
AGAIN...

AND HANS WAS
AWAKENED BY ROOM-
LING SOUNDS INSIDE
HIS SHOP!

NO... IT
CAN'T BE!

BUT I DID
NOT CALL YOU
TO LIFE!
HI-HOW

YOU FORGOT!
YOUR FATHER
WARNED YOU NEVER
TO CALL US WHEN
THE MOON WAS FULL!
ONCE A MONTH FROM
NOW TO ETERNITY WE
SHALL COME TO LIFE...
AND SPEND THE
NIGHT KILLING...!

YOU NEED NOT
WORRY. WE SHALL
NOT HARM YOU!
AFTER ALL, YOU
MADE US.

STOP! I AM YOUR
MASTER!
STOP...!!

YOU ARE WRONG, HANS BALSERMAN!
WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, WE ARE
OUR OWN MASTERS.

THE DOLLS ROAMED THE DARK STREETS
OF DORNBURGH UNTIL...



IN A SPLIT-SECOND,
THAT MAN WAS GONE -
GONE!



IN ANOTHER SPLIT-SECOND, HE WAS
DEAD!



AND WHEN DAWN CAME, THE DOLLS WERE BACK ON THE
SHELVES INSIDE THE SHOP...



HANS, I CAN TELL... YOU NEED ME! I
WILL NOT WAIT FOR THE TIME OF
MOURNING TO END! I
WILL MARRY YOU NOW!





I COULD NEVER LIVE WITH
BROTHER... (GASP)...
KNOWING THAT EVERY
TIME THE MOON WAS
FULL, THEY ROSE...
(GASP)... TO KILL...



WHY... (GASP)...
WHY DID YOU DO
IT, HANS?

THIS IS ONE THING YOU
MUST NEVER ASK ME. FROM
NOW ON I SHALL WORK AS
A HUNTER. I SHALL
NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER
DOLL AGAIN.

SO THEY WALKED AWAY FROM THE BARRER AND
SHOOTER'S SHOP...



I WILL REMEMBER IT
AS NOTHING BUT A
BAD DREAM...

HANS DOES
NOT KNOW...



... BUT I SAVED ONE OF THE DOLLS. THE LITTLE-
ERL DOLL HE MADE FOR ME JUST BEFORE MY
FATHER DIED. IT WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL TO
LET HIM ENJOY...

WATCHER HID THE DOLL
IN A CHEST--AND FOR A
MONTH SHE AND HANS
WERE HAPPY TOGETHER...



BUT WHEN THE MOON
WAS FULL AGAIN... A
TINY HAND SLOWLY
LIFTED THE COVER OF
THE CHEST. ...



...A SHADY FIGURE
CLIMBED STIFFLY OUT...



... WALKED STEALTHY
ACROSS THE FLOOR...



TILL IT CAME TO THE BED
WHERE SHE HAD LAY
SLEEPING



BY THE TIME HANS' EYES SLUNK
OPEN, IT WAS TOO LATE! HIS
BRIDE WAS ALREADY DEAD!



CRAZED WITH GRIEF AND FURY,
HANS CHASED THE DOLL ACROSS
THE WIDTH OF THE VALLEY, UP A
STEEP MOUNTAIN PATH--UP, UP...
TILL AT LAST, FOR A BRIEF MOMENT,
HIS HAND GRASPED THE TINY SILVER
DRESS!



BUT THEN...



THE DOLL HAD LED HANS OVER A PRECIPICE . . .

AND AS HE LAY DYING, HE HEARD THE
DOLL'S MOOING LAUGHTER AS IT FLEW
AWAY IN THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON



HOW DO I KNOW ALL
THIS HAPPENED? I
AM THE LAST
DEATH DOLL OF
DOOMERWALD! I
FREELY MINTED, MY
EYES A HEAVENLY
BLUE, MY MOUTH
SMILING SWEETLY,
I SAT ON A DOLL
SHOP SHELF. I DO
NOT KNOW THE NAME
OF THIS CITY. . .



ALL I KNOW IS . . . ONCE A MONTH
THE MOON IS FULL . . .



BAFFLING MYSTERIES

452

AN OFT-TOLD TALE OF THE SUPERNATURAL TOOK PLACE IN A SMALL BALKAN COUNTRY IN THE LATE 18TH CENTURY. MAJ PRINCE HUNG, A HEARTLESS MAN OF NOBILITY, RAGED HIS HORSE DOWN A BOY THOROUGHFARE NEEDLESS OF THE PEOPLE WALKING THERE. SUDDENLY HIS HORSE CHARGED DOWN ON AN AGED MAN.



THE SHARP HOOVES TRAMPLED THE OLD MAN TO DEATH. BUT WITH HIS LAST BREATH HE UTTERED A CURSE.



MONTHS PASSED AND PRINCE HUNG COULD NOT FORGET THE DEAD MAN'S CURSE. THEN, ONE NIGHT AN Eerie VOICE CALLED TO HIM FROM OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW...



THE UNDERTAKER RETURNED FOR SEVERAL NIGHTS UNTIL PRINCE HUNG, DRIVEN INSANE BY THE VOICE, GOT HIS FORMENTORS ABOARD...



HUNG ENTERED THE VEHICLE AND WITH A CRACK OF THE UNDERTAKER'S WHIP, THE HORSES PULLING THE HEARSE WENT OFF WITH THEM AND PASSENGERS ABOARD...



MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE! I AM TAKING YOU ON AN ETERNAL TRIP TO HADES!

THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE AWAKENED FROM THEIR SLEEP BY THE HORRIBLE SCREAMS AND THE CLATTER OF THE HEARSE RACING OVER THE COUNTRY-SIDE. MAJ PRINCE HUNG WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN BUT TO THIS DAY, THE VILLAGERS SWEAR THAT WHEN THE MOON IS FULL THEY SEE THE HEARSE CLATTERING THROUGH THE TOWN, AND THE AGONISED SCREAMS OF THE DAMNED PRINCE COMING FROM IT. ANOTHER STRANGE DEED IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

WILLIS DUNCAZY'S FEATS AS A MAGICIAN WERE LEGENDARY. HE HAD RAINED WITH THE IMMORTALS OF HADES UNTIL TIME'S DREAD HAND HAD AGED HIM, PLACED WRINKLES IN THE ONCE HYPNOTIC FACE AND MADE HIS FINGERS TREMBLE. YET DUNCAZY WOULD NOT SUBMIT TO THE INEVITABLE SIGNS OF DEFEAT. HE FOUND A WAY TO A GLORIOUS COMEBACK. HE WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO SMASH AT FAME, EVEN IF IT MEANT TRAFFIC IN THE BLACK ARTS. . . WITH THE PRINCE OF MAGICIANS . . .

CONJURER FOUL FIEND

for the



LET GO OF ME!
YOU'VE NOTHING BUT
AN EVIL APPARITION!
I COMMAND YOU TO
UNCOIL AND DISAPPEAR
TO THE HELL YOU
CAME FROM!

YOUR MAGIC POWERS ARE
AT AN END, WILLIS DUNCAZY!
I AM MASTER HERE! NOW
YOU MUST JOIN MY
UNDERWORLD FRATERNITY
OF MAGICIANS!

A YEAR EARLIER, ALMOST TO THE DAY, IN A CHEAP THEATRE IN LONDON AGED WILLIS DUNCAZY TRIED DESPERATELY TO HOLD A MEagre AUDIENCE . . .



IF YOU WILL BE
STILL A MOMENT,
I WILL TRY THIS
GREATEST OF
CARD TRICKS
AGAIN!

THAT MUST
HAVE BEEN A
HUNDRED
YEARS OLD!

TAKE THE
OLD FARTER
AWAY!

TAAR, GIVE 'EM A
CANE! HE CAN'T
EVEN STAND UP
ANY MORE!

AFTER REPEATED FAILURES, THE THEATRE FELL WITH SHOUTS OF DERISION UNTIL THE MANAGER BROUGHT THE CURTAIN DOWN.



GIVE ME ANOTHER
CHANCE, MR. MANAGER!
I'LL DO SOME TRICKS
THAT WILL BRING THE
HOUSE DOWN!

IF I OPEN THE
CURTAIN, THEY'LL
TEAR THE THEATRE
APART! WHY
DON'T YOU FACE
IT! YOU'RE FINISHED,
WASHED UP, TOO
OLD!

FOR WEEKS DUNCAZY HUNTED LONDON'S BOOKING AGENTS. BUT EACH TIME...

BUT YOU KNOW MY ABILITIES, MR WALSH! I PLAYED THE BIGGEST THEATRES FOR YEARS!

THAT WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO! I CAN'T BOOK YOU ANY PLACE! AFTER THAT LAST PERFORMANCE YOU GAVE, I'D ONLY MAKE A LAUGHING STOCK OF MYSELF!



FINALLY THE HAZZARDING INSULTS AND FINANCIAL WORRIES DROVE DUNCAZY TO DESPERATION

I'LL SHOW THE WHOLE DERRISH LOT THEY CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE DIRT! REMEMBER, THAT KID POOL... DARED TO BREAK MY CONTRACT, TRAMPLE MY NAME IN THE MUD! I'LL USE HIM AT THE BOX OFFICE TONIGHT!



LATER... DON'T MAKE A SOUND! LET ME HAVE THE MONEY, DUNCAZY!

HEY! IT—IT'S YOU, DUNCAZY! DON'T BE A FOOL... PUT THAT GUN AWAY BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT!



POLICE! HELP! HELP! NO... DUNCAZY... AAAAAH!

I TOLD YOU TO BE CARET! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT AN OLD MAN CAN DO!



IT—IT WAS DUNCAZY, THE MAGICIAN! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! GUN! GUN! EVERYTHING IS GOING BLACK!



GET A DOCTOR, SAUNDERS! MR. REMBARK'S DYING! THE REST OF YOU FOLLOW ME! WE'LL CATCH THAT CRAZY OLD MAGICIAN!

THEY'RE... (PAUSE)... PASSING ME! BUT I WON'T BE SAFE UNTIL I LEAVE THE COUNTRY. THERE'S A LITTLE THEATRICAL SHOP I KNOW THAT WILL BUY MY MAGIC EQUIPMENT WITHOUT ASKING QUESTIONS! THE MONEY WILL HELP ME ESCAPE!



COME IN, MR DUNCAZY! I'M SURE I CAN HELP YOU! THERE IS NO NEED TO RUN AWAY AND GIVE UP YOUR GREAT PROFESSION!



HOW DO YOU KNOW ME? I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



OF PROFESSION? THAT'S A LAUGH! I'M SO OLD, MY HANDS TREMBLE! THEY LAUGH ME OFF THE STAGE! WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR ME?

PUT YOUR PROPS ASIDE! I WILL NOT BUY THEM! I WILL HELP YOU REGAIN YOUR GREAT NAME AND FORTUNE! MY MAGICAL POWERS DEFTY HUMAN UNDERSTANDING. LOOK!



W-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

BEHOLD, I HAVE PREPARED THE STAGE, TO SHOW YOU THE GREAT POWERS YOU YOURSELF MAY POSSESS!

POOOOORRR



WREATH HEAVENS! WHERE DID THAT HUGE SNAKE COME FROM? IT'S AFTER ME! TAKE IT AWAY!

YOU DO NOT LIKE SNAKES? NEVER NO FEAR! THE SERPENT SHALL BE CHARMED! PRESTO! I HAVE MY SOUND!



ASTOUNDING! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE WITHOUT MIRRORS OR PROPS! BUT HOW? WHO ARE YOU?

I AM KNOWN AS THE PRINCE OF MAGICIANS. MY POWER COMES FROM THE BLACK ARTS OF WHICH I ALONE AM THE MASTER! DO YOU SEEEN SUCH MASTERY, WILLIS BURNETT?



I WOULD GIVE MY LIFE TO POSSESS SUCH POWERS EVEN IF THEY CAME FROM THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

YOUR EVERY WISH SHALL BE GRANTED ON ONE CONDITION: THAT YOU RETURN TO ME AT THE END OF A YEAR TO JOIN MY FRATERNITY. YOU ACCEPT? GOOD! THEN SEAL THE BARGAIN BY GRASPING MY HAND!



AAAII, THE SHOCK... THE PAIN... WILL KILL ME! LET ME GO!

SPIRITS OF THUNDER, WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS, ANSWER MY CALL! GRANT THIS MAN THE GIFT OF GREAT SORCERY FOR THE PLEDGE I HAVE STATED!



When the season comes, they expect...

NOW YOU HAVE THE SUPREME GIFTS OF THE GREATEST MAGICIANS! THERE IS NO FEAT OF MAGIC YOU CANNOT PERFORM, DUNCANY! IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS, LOOK IN THE MIRROR!

WHAAT! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! I HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED! MADE YOUNG! I CAN FEEL YOUTH IN MY BONES! NOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, GREAT PRINCE!

I DO NOT SEEK THANKS! MY REWARD
WILL COME LATER! BUT REMEMBER,
YOU MUST RETURN TO ME AT THE END
OF THE YEAR! ZELDA GOES WITH YOU
AS YOUR ASSISTANT!

COME, WILLIS,
TIME IS SHORT! FAME AND
FORTUNE AWAIT YOU!



SATANIC LAUGHTER ECHOES FROM
THE STRANGE SHOP AS DUNCANY
AND ZELDA LEFT...

W-WHAT'S THAT?
I SWEAR THAT
DEMON'S HEAD IS
LAUGHING...
MOCKING ME!
WHAT DOES IT
MEAN, ZELDA?

IT IS
NOTHING, WILLIS!
THE PRINCE IS
PRACTISING
HIS MAGIC.
LET US GO!



DUNCANY NOW PRESENTED
HIMSELF AS DOCTOR MORG,
CREATOR OF MIRACLES,
TO THE BIGGEST THEATRICAL
AGENTS...

MAGICIANS ARE
TUPPENCE A DOZEN THESE
DAYS! ON WIND, WHAT IS SO
STARTLING AND FRESH ABOUT
YOUR ACT? WHAT CAN YOU DO
TO SET THE PUBLIC ON FIRE?

I'LL SHOW YOU, MR.
PROTEUS! IF IT'S FINES
YOU WANT BAKED, I'LL
BUTLE THE FIRST ONE
RIGHT HERE!



A WAVE OF DUNCANY'S HAND, AND...

WILLIS, STOP IT! PUT IT
OUT! YOU'LL RUIN MY
DESK AND THOSE CON-
TRACTS! I DIDN'T
WEAR THIS KIND
OF FIRE!

TO GIVE YOU A BETTER
VIEW OF THE TRICK,
PERHAPS SOME LEVI-
TATION IS NEEDED!
SO... ALLES—DOH!



YOU'VE BOOZED ME, ON WIND!
YOU'LL BE BOOZED INTO THE LARGEST
THEATRES IN THE COUNTRY! JUST
LET ME DOWN AND PUT OUT
THOSE FLAMES!



AT ONCE, NO PROTEST!

POWERS I POSSESS! A GESTURE, A MERE
THOUGHT, AND THE ACT IS DONE! I
CANNOT EVER FATHOM HOW!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THERE'S
NOT A SIGN THAT ANYTHING HAS
BURNED AND I SAW THE FLAMES!

THAT WAS ONLY A SMALL
PREVIEW OF MY MAGICAL
GIFTS! JUST WAIT TILL
I OPEN MY SHOW!



ON OPENING NIGHT AT THE PALACE, DUNCANY
HELD HIS AUDIENCE SPELLBOUND.

AND NOW ZELDA BECOMES A
HUMAN FIREWORKS! THESE
FLAMES ARE REAL... IF
ANYONE CARES TO TEST
THEM YET ZELDA IS
UNHARMED!



EACH NEW PERFORMANCE WAS A THRILLING TOUR DE FORCE AND A TRIUMPH FOR DONGAET

THE ASTOUNDING
HUMAN ROPE TRICK!
ZELDA IS WATCHING
INTO THIS ACT!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN! THERE IS
ONLY ONE GIRL DANCING HERE!

I AM NOW JIGGLING THIRTEEN
OBJECTS WITH MY EYES
COMPLETELY BLINDFOLDED!

HELD AS THE WORLD'S GREATEST
MAGICIAN, DONGAET HAD TO FIGHT OFF
HIS ADMIRERS

JUST ONE
MORE PICTURE,
OR MIND?

I'VE STAGED THROUGH
THREE PERFORMANCES TO
GET YOUR AUTOGRAPH!
PLEASE OR MIND!

I CAN'T SEE ANYONE ELSE! PLEASE
GET BACK! I'M VERY TIRED!

BUT AS HE TURNED FROM THE ADCLAMING FANS,
SUDDENLY...

AAARRR, WHERE DID THIS
MONSTROUS THING COME FROM?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'VE COME TO REMIND YOU OF THE PLEDGE
YOU MADE! YOUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT,
DONGAET! YOU MUST RETURN TO THE PRINCE!

THE DEVIL'S
HEAD... IT'S
GONE! IT
SPOKE OF
RETURNING
TO THE
PRINCE!
WHAT DOES
IT MEAN?

IT MUST BE YOUR
CONSCIENCE BOTHERING
YOU! YOU PROMISED
TO RETURN TO THE
SHOP IN ONE YEAR-
THE TIME WILL BE
UP TOMORROW!

BEFORE THE NEXT EVENING'S
PERFORMANCE...

ZELDA, LISTEN TO ME! I'VE
WAITED A WHOLE YEAR TO TELL
THIS! I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU!
I WANT TO MARRY YOU AND
LEAVE THE STAGE! I DON'T WANT
TO RETURN TO THE PRINCE!

NO! I
CAN'T
MARRY YOU!
YOU ARE
BOUND TO
A PROMISE
WHICH
YOU MUST
KEEP! LET
ME GO!

AS ZELDA STRUGGLED...

I HAVE RETURNED
BECAUSE YOU BROKE
THE PACT WE MADE!
LET ZELDA GO!
SHE DOES NOT
BELONG TO YOU!

YOU LIE!
I WILL NOT
GIVE HER
UP AND I
WILL UPHOLD
THE PROMISE
I MADE!

INSTANTLY, A DREAD TRANSFORMATION OCCURRED...

YOU FINE! LET ME GO!
AAAH!, RELEASE ME!
I'LL DO ANYTHING
YOU SAY!

DO NOT TEST
MY POWERS, DUNCAZY!
IT IS DANGEROUS TO
TOY WITH ME!

I WON'T BURNIT TO YOU!
YOU'RE ONLY AN UGLY
PHANTOM OF THE MIND,
AN APPARITION!

I WARN YOU, DUNCAZY! DO
NOT RAISE YOUR HAND
AGAINST YOUR MASTER!

AS DUNCAZY STRUCK WITH SILENT FURY...

YAAAA!

WATCHED WEAKLING!
I LEAVE YOU NOW AS I
FOUND YOU! BUT SOON
YOU WILL COME TO ME!

CRASH!

DUNCAZY WAS UNWARE OF THE
TRANSFORMATION THAT HAD TAKEN
PLACE...

MY SIGNAL! I MUST GO
ON! I WILL GO ON, ALONE, AND
PROVE THAT DUNCAZY IS STILL THE
WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN!

BRING IT HERE!

AT EACH FUMBLING EFFORT THE AUDIENCE BUCKLED, THEN
LOUD JEERING RESOUNDED...

NOW I COMMAND THIS TABLE TO RISE! FRISE,
I SAY! OR MIRD HAS SPOKEN!

HE'S A
FAKE!

THAT'S NOT
DR. MIRD!

BOOOOOO!

WE WANT OUR
MONEY BACK!

AND DEAFENING HOWLS THE CURTAIN WAS PULLED DOWN...

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! THAT
ISN'T DR. MIRD! IT'S DUNCAZY
THE OLD MAGICIAN WHO
MURDERED MENSCHER!

THAT'S HIM ALL
RIGHT! GRAB
HIM, MEN! DON'T
LET THE KILLER
GET AWAY THIS
TIME!

MY LUNGS... ARE GOING TO BURST!
I CAN'T RUN ANYMORE! I MUST FIND
A PLACE TO HIDE!



AS HE ROUNDED THE NEXT CORNER, DESPERATELY
SEEKING AN AVERAGE OF ESCAPE . . .

ZELDA! HELP ME!
THERE'S A MAD MOB
AT MY HEEL!

IN HERE QUICKLY! THE
PRINCE ABANDONS YOU! ONLY
WE CAN SAVE YOU!

WIG
MASK
COS

Inside . . .

DO YOU'VE COME BACK I FINALLY
KEPT OUR FACT! COME, THE
BROTHERS OF YOUR NOBLE FRATERNITY ARE
EAGER TO MEET THE GREAT DUNCAZY!

W-WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO
WITH ME?

DUNCAZY HAS LED THROUGH SMOOKY BRIMSTONE
TO A SCENE OF UNEARTHLY HORROR . . .

THESE ARE YOUR BROTHERS, DUNCAZY! ALL WHO SOUGHT
MAGICAL POWERS THROUGH MY BLACK ARTS! LOOK, A NEW
MEMBER HAS BEEN ADDED! THIS IS MY BEST TRICK! I CALL
IT THE LOOP OF DAMNATION! HA HA HA!

I DO NOT WANT
TO JOIN THEM!

COME DUNCAZY, STRUGGLE IS
USELESS! TAKE HIM AWAY, SLAVES!

NO! NO! DON'T TOUCH
ME! YOUR HANDS BURN!



THEY WERE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO
DABBLE IN THE BLACK ARTS! NOW
COULD THEY EXPECT TO MATCH
TRICKS WITH AN OLD HAND LIKE
ME? I'VE BEEN AROUND SINCE
THE WORLD BEGAN!

THE END

THE THIRD VISITATION

It was by the merest chance that I found the book. For a whole year—ever since I returned to Malvern House—I had scrupulously avoided the library, though a half hour's work would have easily parted the sealed doors. But on this night, the night of my twenty-second birthday, the strange appeal which those closed doors had always exerted on me grew appallingly strong and I jumped out of my sleeping bag and hurried downstairs. As I passed the grandfather clock on the landing, I noticed that it was a half-hour after midnight.

It was now o'clock when I parted the doors and stood upon the threshold.

I hardly dared move inside. It was as if I were hearing again my father's stern words, that afternoon eleven years ago when he caught me in the library.

"I don't know how you contrived to enter without a key," he cried, his face white with anger, "but if ever again you enter this room, I—I—" His lips trembled, his voice staggered with rage, and I, poor tyke of ten that I was, squirmed out of his grasp and fled, never hearing the end of his sentence.

I never heard him speak again, for that matter; for that night, at his desk in the library, he suddenly passed away, his hands clutched at his throat.

I never really knew my father. We had never been companions, or pals, or whatever boys and their fathers are supposed to be. I remember him vaguely as a lonely, quietest man—tall, serious of countenance and, surprisingly for a man of only forty, with a shock of pure, snow-white hair. His pictures show him black-haired, and that's how I think I remember him; but I'm certain that on that particular day, when he grasped me so fiercely, his hair was snow-white.

The books in his library—so the story went—were, according to the instructions in his will, supposed to be burned. But the executors, evidently thinking it a sick man's phobia, conserved the order and compromised by sealing the library. The house too was closed while—and I was twenty-one—I was to live with an aunt, my mother's sister. My mother had died when I was two, and my aunt had long wanted me to live with her, insisting—or so I've heard—that my father was too "preoccupied" to bring up a child.

And now I was in the library—the library from which I was so fearfully rescued, the library in which my father had so suddenly died. It was no different from a thousand other libraries—high-ceilinged, oak-beamed, with tiers of books that lined the walls from baseboard to rafters.

I had not browsed long among them when I noted a shocking thing: The books, written in many languages, dealt almost exclusively with the mysticism of the north. With mysticism and visitations and alchemy and ancient and medieval magic, I meaningly turned the pages of some half-dozen volumes, wondering what my father had to do with these strange studies, and then, putting away a book, I came across the book—the diary of my father.

The entries were in a neat, meticulous hand, but now and again there were passages in which the lengthening, nervous strokes showed a high pitch of excitement. Which was surprising, because my father was a most controlled man. And as I read, a deep sadness seized me and I was tempted a dozen times to hurl the diary away, to burn it, to destroy the whole library—but I was powerless to act and, chilled and fearful, I found I could not stop reading.

All the pages were filled with detailed notes on the experiments—*impressive, lucid experiments*—that my father had carried on to bring back my mother . . . *my father's wife, who had died so early, so young.*

And then, on page seventy-four, on the first fingers of dawn were peering through the window, I found the excited, scrawled words: "At last I have it! I have it!"

And immediately, my fingers trembling, my blood suddenly ice, I snatched that book, but not before I saw that the next paragraph was written in Latin.

Shaken, I returned the diary to its place, vowing never to open it again, and hurried upstairs, praying for the balm of restless sleep.

But I slept fitfully and was up at noon. And though I dutifully averted my eyes from the library all day, when darkness closed in, I found I could fight off the call of the library no longer.

I found the diary, opened it to the right page, and slowly spelled out the Latin, picturing my father had so laboriously entered.

I cannot say I willed what I did next, nor can I say I did not will it. But, the translated words before me, I went through the steps, one by one, of my father's painstaking experiment. I drew on white chalk the circle, and within it the pentagram. I turned off the lights and in each corner of the pentagram I placed a candle in a drawer of the desk I found—untouched these many years—two envelopes with Latin inscriptions, and from each I sprinkled a little powder in the appropriate spots in the pentagram. It was now well past two o'clock.

Upon the stroke of three, as it signed in the diary

—the candles flickering, the chalkmarks glowing in yellow ghost-light—I entered the woods undisturbed in the Latin west.

And then I sat back and waited.

The candles flared gaily, I could hear the sighing of the wind outside, and then I heard a soft faint whisper, a whisper that was like the rustling of the faint silk. And a soft wing, like the faintest of smoke signals, appeared in the center of the pentagram and, like a *chrysalis* emerging, a figure, gentle and soft and seen as through a cloud, stood before me.

In life I had not known her, but I had seen her pictures often. The lady before me was my mother. My father's experiment had worked!

I cried to her, I would have her talk. But she stood just so, unmoving, wordless, beautiful—and real. And just as I thought she was about to speak, she flew whisked about her . . . and she was gone. And the candles flickered out and I sat in darkness, remembering the test and the vision heard. But a minute.

I don't know how I found my room, or the bed, or how I lived through the next day. But when night closed in again, I hurried again to the library.

This time I went through the diary more carefully. Many, many pages later, I encountered another paragraph in Latin. This was a more complex experiment, and the vision, I noted, lasted for five minutes. Though the incantation and the steps leading to the evocation of the figure were more complicated than the first coming, I set about it with mingled eagerness and apprehension.

By three o'clock all was in readiness. The candles flickered, the chalkmarks glowed evenly, suspended from the ceiling was a canvas cloth—lensed in another envelope on the desk—and a strange-smelling powder burned with acrid odor. And after the incantation, I waited.

Again the figure of my mother appeared. This time I knew she would talk. But after two minutes, and the notes, she would be gone and—The test was broken off in a frenzied scrawl I could not decipher. What, I wondered, had happened. But my imagination could not even surmise.

The notes, as I said, had indicated she had talked. But minutes passed and there was no sound. She merely stood, smiling, in all her real but waxy loveliness, and she must have known I was here too, for after a while she held out arms, as if summoning me. And then, just as I was about to give up hope of hearing her speak, I saw her lips move and I heard words. But I did not know what she said, for with

her first words an incredible, an impossible transformation began to take place.

Her features—how shall I say it?—swelled. Like the flesh in a landslide, the flesh began to disintegrate, and it was as if I were seeing, in a fast-action film, the processes of decay that take place over many years.

I don't know if I screamed, if I cried out. I think I was powerless to move, to utter a sound. I could not take my eyes away and yet I could not bear to see farther. And then, as if in answer to my prayer, the five minutes were up and the vision was gone.

Enough, I told myself, was enough. But the devil himself must have prompted me, for the next night I was in the library again, posing over the third Latin entry . . . the last. It was the night of the third vision that my father had died. Would I die, too? And then I saw the words that could terminate a vision. They had not worked for my father, I reasoned. Or had he, indeed, invoked them?

With rapidity I carried through the experiment. At the stroke of three I began the incantation. My voice trembled, I sat listlessly. And as my words died away, the wisp of film appeared and presently my mother materialized before me—as lovely, as beautiful, as alive as she must have been in life. And this time, I knew, she would stay as long as I wished—as long as life itself. The metamorphosis of the previous night, I concluded, must have been my imagination.

She stood then, silent and smiling and beautiful, and when the first five minutes were almost up, she began to speak. But with her first words, a terrible chill seized me. For again the disintegration of flesh was taking place. The bloom was gone from her cheeks, the flesh began to wither, and from her shoulders and arms the visible life was coming away. Her garments no longer became her. They began to hang like a shroud; and as she continued talking, the first faint hollows of her skeletal contour showed itself. Then, I knew, was what my father had seen. This was what was to be with me forever . . . and still the disintegration continued.

I don't know how I found my voice, but suddenly it tore from me, shrill, hope-filled, with the words my father had penned: "Talis mortuus . . . Vade ad nos regredi!" And I waited.

When I spoke, I was alone in the room, and all the chalkmarks were gone, and all else. And as I passed the mirror, to fasten the diary in the fireplace, I saw, with a shock of horror, that my hair—like my father's—had suddenly become snow-white.

THE WEREWOLF STRIKES!



WHO CAN SAY WHAT MONSTROUS FORMS MUST BEYOND THE SILVER HORIZON GLIMPSE OF THE TORCHES OF MODERN SCIENCE WHO COULD BELIEVE THAT A LOATHING CREATURE BEARING THE MARK OF A BEAST AND CALLED IN TERRIBLE TONES, A WEREWOLF, COULD ACTUALLY ENTER THE PEACEFUL SETTING OF A QUIET NEW ENGLAND TOWN, TO PREY ON BLOODY HUNTER AND WANDER INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE BLACK NIGHT, ONLY TO DISAPPEAR AND STONE AGAIN AT NEARLY 100 VICTIMS IF YOU COULD CALL THE FRANKS MEMORIES OF THE TERROR PEOPLE OF JEROME FOR A WHILE, YOU WOULD GET ONE OF THEM TO TELL YOU THE STORY...

IN A CERTAIN DARK AND THREATENING NIGHT IN THE SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN OF JEROME, THE MOON WAS SHINING CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT AS TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES MOMENTARILY BEFORE A SMALL INN'S DOOR...

WOW'S ABOUT ONE MORE CLASS BEFORE WE CALL IT A NIGHT, EN, JOHNNY?

I WOULDN'T HAVE YOU THINK ME A POOR GROSS STUFF, BUT IT'S FIRST I GET STARTED FOR MY FATHER'S FARM, IT'S THE BETTER PART OF AN HOUR'S WALK FROM HERE!

AYE, JOHNNY— AND WIND YOU DON'T TAKE THE SHORT-CUT THROUGH THE OLD CEMETERY, IT'S NOT THE PROPER WAY FOR A LIVING MAN TO WALK AMONGST THE DEAD!

DON'T FEAR FOR ME, NATE, PITY THE POOR MAN OR BRIST WHO WOULD PICK A FIGHT WITH JOHNNY FLASH!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE YOUNG FERRISMAN FEELS A SHADOWY
 APPROXIMATE SHADOWS, AS A PAIR ANDY AS LOCATED UNUSUALLY
 ACROSS THE CRIMINALS' GRASPED THEM, BOTH SUDDENLY...



THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING
 FOLLOWING ME! MAYBE IT'S MY
 EARS PLAYING TRICKS, OR THAT
 LAST GLASS WITH STUBB. WAIT!
 I HEAR IT AGAIN!



WELL, IT'S IN THE NAME
 OF HEAVEN! WHAT
 ARE YOU?



GRR RR-R



NO! LET GO!
 AR-GHNN!

I MUST
 KILL!
 KILL!
 KILL!

AS THE FINAL DEATH CITY STRAND
 THROUGH THE BLANK WHITE TANGLE
 THE MOUNTAINOUS CASTLES AP-
 PEARED THE SHIP TURN WITH A
 FINAL JAMMAL CUT OFF ITS ACTING
 IT DARTED OFF, AND ANOTHER
 LATER APPROACHED A DARKNESS
 MOORE IN A COMELY STRETCH OF
 WOODS...



IN THE MORNING THEY
 WILL FIND THE TORN
 BODY, BUT THEY WILL
 KNOW NOTHING! I
 WILL BE SAFE - SAFE
 FROM ALL OF THEM!

THEY WOULD NEVER LOOK
 FOR ME HERE! NO! NO!
 THE SIMPLE PEOPLE DARE
 NOT EVEN THINK THAT A
 CEBATICE SUCH AS I CAN
 REALLY FIGHT... THAT I
 HAVE THE POWER TO
 CONTROL THEIR LIVING
 FLESH WITH A SINGLE
 BLOW! BUT NOW I
 MUST SLEEP... SLEEP...

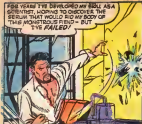


WITH THE COMING OF DAWN,
 THE FIGURE IN THE ADJACENT
 STRIDER, AS THE MORNING
 FIRST AWAKED BEFORE THE
 SUNSHINE BOY, SO TOO THE
 MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF THE
 BEAST UNCLAMMED THERE
 HOLD WITH THE COMING OF
 A NEW DAY...

I-I'VE BEEN ASLEEP WAIT, LAST
 NIGHT... THE DEATHSTAR! YES-
 IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN! MY
 CURSED AFFLICTION HAS
 RETURNED ONCE MORE.
 THE ANCIENT CURSE OF
 THE WEREWOLF STILL
 LIVES WITHIN MY BODY!



FIVE YEARS I'VE DEVELOPED MY SKILL AS A SCIENTIST, WORKING TO DISCOVER THE SERUM THAT WOULD RID MY BODY OF THIS MONSTROUS FEND - BUT I'VE FAILED!



PERHAPS THERE IS STILL TIME! IF I CAN ONLY FIND SOME YOUNG SCIENTIST TO HELP ME, SOMEONE WHO WOULDN'T SUSPECT I MAYBE THEN THESE HANDS CAN BE KEPT AS THEY ARE, NO LONGER TO CHANGE INTO CLAWS WHICH SEEK OUT THE THROBBING THROATS OF MEN!



DURING THE DAY LATER, A YOUNG MAN AND HIS FIANCÉE STOOD BEFORE THE SCIENTIST'S DOOR, WHILE A MIGHTFUL WIND WHISPERS CHAOTICALLY AMONGST THE BARKED BRANCHES OF THE SURROUNDING TREES...

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT, JOEL. BEHIND IT'S SO CLOSE TO THE CEMETERY WHERE THAT HORRIBLE CRIME TOOK PLACE!

YOU'RE BECOMING ALARMED OVER NOTHING, GAIL. HE PROBABLY PICKED THIS LONELY SPOT SO HE COULD HAVE PRIVACY.



LOOK, HONEY - IF A FAMOUS EUROPEAN SCIENTIST LIKE PROFESSOR GRASSO IS WILLING TO HAVE ME AS HIS ASSISTANT, I SHOULD BE THE LAST ONE TO COMPLAIN AND WHAT'S MORE, A JOB MEANS WE CAN BE MARRIED SOON!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, JOEL. LET'S GO IN.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

I'VE SELECTED YOUR LETTER OUT OF ALL THOSE I RECEIVED, MR. CARLTON, BECAUSE OF YOUR BACKGROUND IN EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH. HOWEVER, UNTIL OUR WORK IS COMPLETED, IT WILL BE NECESSARY THAT YOU STAY HERE IN THE HOUSE!

STAY HERE!



I REALIZE HOW DIFFICULT IT WILL BE FOR HIM TO BE DISTRACTED FROM SO CHARMING AND BEAUTIFUL A WOMAN, BUT THEN, THIS CAN BE HIS GREAT CHANCE!

HE'S RIGHT, GAIL!

ALL RIGHT, JOEL! YOU'LL COME AND SEE ME WHEN YOU CAN!



DURING THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, JOEL WORKED IN AN ADJOINING LABORATORY WITH THE STRICT ORDER THAT HE HADNT TO ENTER THE PROFESSOR'S ROOM UNLESS HE WAS CALLED. ONE NIGHT, JUST AS HE AWAKENED...

THESE COMPOUNDS ARE THE STRAIGHTEST - THAT MORE? IT CAME FROM THE PROFESSOR'S LAB!





PROFESSOR DRAGO: ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

IT'S NOTHING, JOEL. A BACK OF TUBES FELL OFF THE TABLE GO BACK TO YOUR WORK!



I CAN FEEL THE BLOOD POUNDING IN MY VEINS. MY BODY SWOLLS WITH ANIMAL STRENGTH, AND MY BRAIN TIGHTS INSIDE MY SKULL AS IF SEEKING RELEASE!



I'M NOT ONLY HUNGRY! FREE TO ROAM THE NIGHT... TO PROMISE TO DESTRUCTION... TO KILL!

JUST BEFORE THE DAWN, WHEN THE NIGHT WAS AT ITS BLACKEST, A LONG RAILROAD WORKER CHECKED A FREIGHT CAR AT A SEPARATE SIDING. THEN, SUDDENLY...



A-I-I-I-I-I



HIS CAR WAS ATTRACTED THE RAILROAD POLICE! I MUST GET AWAY!

AR-Z-GH-W!



BANG BANG

HOW HORRIBLE! HIS THROAT IS BURST FROM EAR TO EAR!

THE DAWN HAD BARELY ARRIVED WHEN JOEL WAS SUMMONED TO THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY BY AN URGENT CALL...



WHY, PROFESSOR DRAGO! YOUR ARM! IT'S BLEEDING!

NOTHING SERIOUS, JOEL. I CUT IT ON ONE OF THOSE BROWN TUBES YOU'LL FIND A FIRST AID KIT IN THE TOP CORNER OF ANY TABLE

LATE THAT SAME AFTERNOON, AS JOEL WAS BUSY AT WORK ON A NEW BATCH OF COMPOUND, THE DOOR OF HIS LABORATORY WAS SUDDENLY THROWN OPEN...

WHY, GAIL? WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I HAD TO COME, JOEL. I'M TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED!



THERE'VE BEEN ANOTHER OF THOSE AWFUL SLAYINGS, AND I CAN'T STAND YOUR BEING IN SUCH A DANGEROUS, DESERTED SPOT. THE NEWSPAPERS SAY THAT A WITNESS HAS DESCRIBED THE SLAYER AS BEING SOME KIND OF 'WOLFMAN'! IT'S ALL TOO HORRIBLE!

NEWSPAPERS HAVE A WAY OF EXAGGERATING THINGS, HONEY.



I AGREE WITH JOEL COMPLETELY. THE STORY IS A CHARMING ABUSE OF SCIENTIFIC FACT. THERE HINT A GRAIN OF TRUTH TO IT!



WHEN I LEFT EUROPE TO COME TO AMERICA, ONE OF MY MAIN REASONS HAD TO BECAUSE THESE ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS. AS A MAN OF SCIENCE, I HOPED THAT HERE THEY DIDN'T EXIST. COME NOW, YOU CAN'T REALLY BELIEVE A STORY OF A MAN TURNING INTO A WOLF!

I-I SUPPOSE NOT, REALLY!



THAT'S HOW I LIKE IT, MY DEAR! NOW IT WOULD BE BEST THAT YOU WENT ON HOME. JOEL HAS SOME IMPORTANT WORK!

B-BUT IT WILL BE GETTING DARK SOON! I-I'M AFRAID!



IN THAT CASE, I WILL WALK WITH YOU AS FAR AS THE PARK AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. YOU WILL BE PERFECTLY SAFE, I ASSURE YOU.

DO THAT, GAIL. I PROMISE I'LL BE OVER TO SEE YOU TONIGHT, AS SOON AS I FINISH REFINING THIS LAST BATCH OF LIQUOR.

ALL RIGHT, JOEL. I'LL GO!



A HOUR LATER, JOEL'S HOME WAS STRUCK DEFTED ONCE MORE BY AN INSISTENT BOUNCING ON THE FRONT DOOR. IMMEDIATELY HE FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR, AND...

I'M INSPECTOR... COME TO LICK TO SEE PROFESSOR DRAGO!

PROFESSOR DRAGO IS OUT AT THE MOMENT. I'M HIS ASSISTANT, JOEL CARTON. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU!



ON THE DAY, MAYTARDUP-WOLF TOWNS OF A POLICE OFFICER, INSPECTOR CORBY STATED HIS BUSINESS, AS WELL AS HIS SUSPICIONS...

I DON'T GO MUCH FOR THESE WERE-WOLF STORIES, BUT A RAILROAD POLICEMAN WOUNDED THE ATTACKER LAST NIGHT! HE USED DOGS, MR. CARLTON-WOLFGROWDER! THEY TRILLED THE BLOOD SPOGS TO FINE HOUSE!

IF YOU SAY HE WAS WOUNDED—AND LAST NIGHT IN HIS LAB, I DRESSED A BAD CUT ON PROFESSOR DRAGO'S ARM! B-BUT IT CAN'T BE!



COME ON, NEAR—THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR! HERE TAKING A LOOK IN THAT LAB!



IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE LOOK-ON THE PROFESSOR'S DOOR WAS SPENDING AND MOMENTS LATER THE INSPECTOR GAVE A CRY OF DISCOVERY...

LOOK! THIS BOOK DEALS WITH ANCIENT GODDESS, AND THERE'S A PAGE, HERE ON A SECTION DEALING WITH WERE-WOLVES! IT LOOKS LIKE THE PROFESSOR GOT IN FOR SOME NIGHT STRANGE READING!

GREAT HEAVENS! ALL OF THESE BOOKS DEAL WITH SOME PHASE OF THE BLACK ARTS!



HE LEFT THIS HOUSE OVER ONE HOUR AGO WITH MY FIANCÉE! HE HAS TO WALK HER TO THE PARK AT THE EDGE OF TOWN WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

QUICK! MY CAR! HE CALD HE OUTSIDE WE'LL BE THERE IN A FEW MINUTES!



AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN A HEAVY PARK, A BALE MOON WAS STROUDELING THROUGH THREATENING CLOUDS AS THE PROFESSOR'S HORSE RODE AN AEROMATIC PATTERNS OF RHYTHMIC SOUND...

YOU ARE NOT IN LOVE WITH JOEL, MY DEAR. YOU HAVE BEEN IN LOVE WITH ME FROM THE FIRST MOMENT WE MET. I HAVE THE POWER TO DO GREAT THINGS FOR YOU. YOU WILL FORGET JOEL. YOU HEAR AND BELIEVE EVERYTHING I SAY, DON'T YOU?

YES... I HEAR... I BELIEVE...



BUT A MOMENT LATER, AS A SILVERY BEAM OF MOON LIGHT FILTERED EASTWARD...

THE CURSED MOONLIGHT! THE LIGHT BURNS INTO MY BRAIN ONCE MORE!



NOW YOU SEE HE HAS ALL MY STRENGTH AND POWER! YOUR BLOOD TURNS TO ICE, AND THE PULSE IN YOUR WHITE THROAT TREMBLES WITH FEAR... BUT SOON IT SHALL BE STILLED—FOREVER!



THEY'VE COME AFTER ME... BUT THEY WON'T ROB ME OF MY VICTIM. I'LL CARE! HER OFF!



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You fill out the coupon and by return mail we will send you a sample of the Scope Medicinal Skin Formula. No money needed. No obligation. It is your chance to see the difference. If you are not completely satisfied, return the sample and we will refund the value of the sample. No purchase price.

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